

Beautiful Temple Heights Estate Is Center of Historic Washington Section

Land Owned By District Masons

Writer Cites Its Possibilities as Recreation Area

By John Claggett Proctor.

The outcome of the plan to organize a syndicate to develop Temple Heights, the title to which is now held by the Masonic Grand Lodge of the District, remains to be seen. It does seem, however, that this beautiful tract of land, extending to the north and east from the northeast corner of Florida and Connecticut avenues, should be taken over by the Government and turned into a park or recreation center while the opportunity still exists, instead of waiting until it might be too late. According to a recent real estate atlas, this tract of land contains 928 acres of land and includes what was once a very fine home that stands on an elevated point of ground overlooking the city, in a vicinity once suggested as a site for the White House. Early known as a part of "Widow's Mite," the first trace of this grant of land the writer found was in the will of James Langworth of St. Johns, Charles County, Md., which was probated on August 18, 1660. Mention was made of his wife, Agatha, to whom he left one-third of his estate during her life and the remainder to survive the testator's children, given as William, John, Mary and Eliza.

To his son John he willed 300 acres on St. Clements Bay and his rights to 670 acres "yet to be taken up." Though not yet given the name of Widow's Mite, there is no doubt that this grant, later patented by John, the son, in 1664, as the record shows, was transferred to his brother William. The latter, in his will, drawn February 7, 1693, and probated May 1, 1694, disposes by name of this identical piece of property.

Offered Sold. William Langworth's will gave to his wife, Ann, a plantation called Mills Marsh and to a daughter, Agatha, 240 acres known as High-park. Eliza, another daughter, was given 120 acres called Barbours Addition, and Mary, a third daughter, and her heirs received the residue of land in St. Marys County. To Sarah Brown he gave some personal property, while the residue of the estate, real and personal, three dower excepted, went to his three children in equal parts. He concluded by directing that the 600 acres called Widow's Mite be sold.

The executor of the will was his father-in-law, Thomas Hussey. A memorandum attached to the will decreed that certain personal property belonging to his deceased wife, Mary, and which was given to her by her mother, Mrs. Hussey, should not be appraised with his estate, it having already been given to his daughters by their mother. The will was witnessed by Walter Ross, Mary Dorrell and Charles Charles.

The will of the testator in the foregoing document was obviously carried out, and Widow's Mite was quite likely sold to John Bowling of St. Marys County, Md., in whose will we next come across this tract of land.

Other Owners. Bowling's will was drawn on April 30, 1711, and probated June 9 following. To Janet Martin and heirs he gave High Park, in St. Marys County. To sons William and John he gave all other land obtained by him by patent certificate or deed in St. Marys County. Son Thomas was given two tracts known as Chorley and Chessman on the south side of Myrie Branch. Mr. Bowling designated his wife Mary as executrix and gave to her the residue of Chorley and Chessman and Charles Addition during life, to revert to his son Thomas upon her death. He decreed that 200 acres of Widow's Mite be sold for the benefit of the estate. His personal property was bequeathed to his daughter Mary and to James Haddock, a priest, and he directed that should his wife die during the minority of the children, Capt. Benjamin Hall should have charge of the estate until the children should have charge of the other children. James Hagan, William Simons and Thomas Hagan signed the will as witnesses.

Again, Widow's Mite was sold, according to the instructions of the testator, and to Thomas Hagan, a likely purchaser, although he did not live long to enjoy it, for we find him disposing of it by will, drawn July 17, 1717, and probated August 2, 1717. Here 300 acres of Widow's Mite went to his son Thomas and heirs, when Thomas Hagan died at the age of 21 years. The remaining 300 acres went to the testator's widow for life, with the remainder to the son. John Bradford, James Riggs and William Rentshaw signed as witnesses.

Holmead Patent. Naturally, Temple Heights was not all of the Widow's Mite tract, as according to Hugh Taggart, was shaped like a parallelogram and extended from the river at the old observatory grounds in a northerly direction, with a greater portion of it included in the City of Washington. W. B. Bryan is more specific and said that it occupied that portion of the City of Washington which lies to the northward from the Naval Medical Hospital, at Twenty-fourth and E streets N.W. It extended through the city in a comparatively narrow strip to Florida Avenue, beyond which it extended from about Seventeenth street to Rock Creek.

When the District of Columbia was acquired for the seat of Government, the patent of "James his Park," granted to James Holmead on July 8, 1725, embraced the Temple Heights area, no doubt still earlier known as the Widow's Mite. In 1809 it was purchased by Col. Michael Nourse, brother of Joseph Nourse, register of the Treasury, who was responsible for the moving of that department to Washington from Philadelphia in 1790. The purchase was made of Anthony Holmead, and the tract included at that time 16 acres.

Col. Nourse evidently erected the original part of the building on this tract, which, no doubt, had several additions since. Col. Nourse sold the property in 1835 and moved into the city. This was done, we are told, because it took him too long to get to the Treasury Department, where he was chief clerk to his brother. His children were also



Temple Heights, or Oak Lawn. Property purchased by Michael Nourse in 1809 and later owned by H. Willard, Thomas P. Morgan, Edward C. Dean and the Masonic Grand Lodge.

responsible for his giving up this fine old place, because they claimed it was too far out in the country.

Named Oak Lawn. In 1866 Thomas P. Morgan, at one time mayor and superintendent of police and later Commissioner of the District of Columbia from 1879 to 1883, acquired this property and improved the building then standing on the ground and gave the estate the name of Oak Lawn.

Boschke, in a map compiled between 1856 and 1859, gave H. Willard as owner or occupant, and maybe both. The southern part of the soon after was then heavily wooded, and Mr. Willard's name is shown on maps as late as 1865. From 1878 to at least 1899, the property was occupied by the Dean family, of which Edward C. Dean seems to have been the head of the house.

By 1899 Mr. Dean had died, and his widow, Amanda M. Dean, was living on the property. Mr. Dean's occupations at various times as given by the city directory, were president of the Potomac Terra Cotta Co. manufacturer and car builder. He was not of the family of Mills Dean, the lawyer, so the writer is informed by the latter's daughter, Miss Mildred Dean, well known in public school circles. In 1922 the property was bought by the Grand Lodge of Masons from the Dean estate, for the purpose of building there a national Masonic memorial, but this idea was finally abandoned.

Exploded Myth. However, Oak Lawn, or Temple Heights, its more recent name, is certainly a beautiful estate, the old homestead being surrounded by beautiful trees, among which, one in particular is unfortunately misnamed "Treaty Oak," because of a fable that a treaty was once signed beneath its enormous limbs by the white men and the Indians.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, one of Washington's best-known scientific women, daughter of a scientist, wife

of a noted ethnologist and a descendant of Col. Nourse, before mentioned, tried more than a decade ago to nail the story about this tree, but apparently she did not succeed, for, after all, people believe what pleases them most, and the story of the white woman who refused to become the chief's squaw, and subsequently was restricted to the shade of this tree, is no doubt still believed

by many who disregard the impossibilities surrounding the case. Instead of saying, "more than a hundred years ago," it would be correct to say that more than 300 years ago the District was inhabited by the

Indians. True, they were the Anacostan Indians, or more properly, the Necotchtank, who are said to have been a tribe or band probably of the Conoy, and who formerly lived on the Anacostia branch of the Potomac River in the District. Their principal village was near our present Anacostia, the name being a corruption of the name of the tribe from which also is taken the

word "Anacostia," the name of the island on the Virginia side of the Potomac just this side of the Aqueduct Bridge, also known as Masons Island, and more recently as Theodore Roosevelt Island.

The late James Mooney, who probably knew the history of the Indians of this locality at least as well as any other man, tells us that

from the waters of Albemarle Sound to the Potomac, and probably also the basin of the Patuxent. However, the Maryland branch, at least after the death of Powhatan, appears to have had but slight connection with the main body.

Their principal location, according to S. V. Proudfoot, an authority on the aborigines of the lower Potomac, seems to have been about due east of the Capitol, for the fields at this point give greater evidence of occupation than most others, though indications of Indian occupation have been found at nearly all points of the valley.

"It should be noted that the dwellings were in most cases close to the bank of the stream. A line drawn parallel with the shore and 300 feet distant would include the greater part of the houses.

Countless Relics. "Within the area thus indicated may be found today every variety of stone implement common to the North American Indian—arrowheads, spearheads, knives, drills, perforators, scrapers, polished axes, sharpening stones, pipes, slate tablets, pestles, mortars, cup stones, hammer stones, as well as that rude ax-shaped implement of chipped quartzite which has yet to receive a name. Associated with these, and forming no inconsiderable part of the remains, are found partly worked implements—some broken, others worked into the first rude forms of the arrowhead or knife and then abandoned, and abounding everywhere, flakes, chips and pebbles of quartz and quartzite having but a chip or two struck from the original surface.



House and workshop of the Algonquin Indians near Washington, as reproduced in a National Museum group exhibit.

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Captures of Customs Service Prove That Smuggling, Like Other Crimes, Doesn't Pay

By Basil Gordon.

Is smuggling a crime? Officially, it is. It is hard to convince the average petty violator that this is true. The law also tells him that it is a crime, or, at any rate, a misdemeanor to park in a restricted area or to exceed 25 miles an hour in this city. When, in the course of events, it becomes practically necessary to commit one or the other of these faux pas, the motorist is much more concerned over whether or not he is going to get away with it than whether or not he has done something wrong. The amateur smuggler has the same mental attitude. So has little Johnny, when he raids the jam closet.

When the question was put to Edison J. Shamhart, assistant deputy commissioner of customs, he replied without hesitation: "Of course, it's wrong to smuggle."

"No, I am not a fanatic on the subject. I am inclined to agree that the citizen who occasionally brings some small article into the United States without declaring it is, at any rate, not a real criminal. But I'll never admit that he hasn't done a wrong thing. He has!"

"Furthermore, it is wrong not just because the law says so. There may be laws in the questionable class such as the fugitive slave act of pre-Civil War days. It required citizens of free States to return runaway slaves to their masters, and never was enforced, and never could have been, because it was wrong in principle. But laws against smuggling are not in this class."

Good Example. "The Customs Service exists for a far more important purpose than merely collecting revenue, important as that is. Its main function, as I see it, is to maintain our high standard of living, and to see that employment is available to Americans. Any smuggling, however petty, is a blow against this purpose."

"Could you give an example?" Mr. Shamhart was asked. "A good one that comes to mind," he replied, "is the smuggling across the Mexican border. American ranchers have spent much money and many years of effort in producing pure-bred cattle, free of tick fever and superior in every way to certain scrub stock from below the border. Thus, they earn a high price per pound for beef cattle when the buyers come through. Where would they be, however, if the market were cluttered with Mexican animals, which can be raised at far less cost for labor and feed? Where, also, would they be if their stock, bred so carefully, became polluted by the infiltration of inferior animals? The same principle applies to horses. It is up to us to prevent inroads into the means of livelihood of ranchers, and I am pleased to say that they regard us as among their best friends."

Liquor Smuggling. At this point, I was shown pictures of smuggled animals seized by the authorities, some with altered brands. I had thought, as many others, that this was a thing of the past, back in the good old days of the "Wild West" when ambi-

ous cowhands used to go into business for themselves by registering some brand, say Dot in a Triangle, and acquire either wealth or maybe a rope around the neck by running off all the Lazy V critters they could find and changing the brand.

"Another old-time industry we still have with us," he continued, "is liquor smuggling. Repeal has not killed it entirely, although, naturally, it does not assume the proportions it did under prohibition, when everybody and his brother saw no harm in sneaking an occasional bottle of rye in from Canada."

"To eliminate this kind of smuggling, it would be necessary for our inspectors to examine every suitcase for a false bottom, every umbrella for a hollow handle and it just couldn't be done. We have 4,500 inspectors, who took care of a traffic, last fiscal year, of over eleven million vehicles and ships occupied by more than fifty million passengers. It would be entirely out of the question to search all those thoroughly, and quite unnecessary. A good customs man will know, purpose of the time, how to size up individuals, and which ones to detain for more thorough examination. If he is not a good psychologist to start with, he becomes one if he remains in the service."

Another Tipoff. "The attitude of the traveler serves as a guide. Any one remarking that he or she is a friend of some important person automatically comes under suspicion. The astute customs man will argue to himself that there must be some ulterior motive in mentioning these connections, and that it would not be necessary if there were nothing to conceal. Sometimes this class is positively ludicrous. One woman, for instance, gave as her unsolicited reference the Ladies' Garden Club of Winston-Salem, N. C., and was quite indignant when we had never heard of it. She was also much disappointed, when caught smuggling, that the Garden Club could do nothing to help her."

"Another tipoff comes in cases where the examinee is too solicitous in showing that there is nothing hidden in some out-of-the-way corner of baggage or automobile. The natural inference is that he is directing the examiner's attention away from some object concealed elsewhere."

But, as Mr. Shamhart pointed out, much amateur smuggling is totally unnecessary. Travelers have a right to bring in \$100 worth of merchandise free of duty, if they don't do it often more than once a month. If they have not made a special trip for that purpose, and if they have been out of the United States at least 48 hours; and yet, perhaps for the thrill of it or perhaps through ignorance, many are foolish enough not to declare these free goods, which are thereupon confiscated and sold at public auction.

Mr. Shamhart recalled the case of Mrs. Q, which he handled as an agent in the field. Mrs. Q had bought, in Budapest, a diamond lavalliere and watch for \$2,400, and on her return to the United States had made no declar-

ation of the items. Inasmuch as they were small, and there was no reason to suspect her, she had had no difficulty in smuggling them through. But later, a routine report from Budapest told of the sale of these articles to her. Mr. Shamhart called on her for an explanation.

Political Pressure. She sent word by a maid that she would not see him. He countered with insistence. Back came the maid with another refusal. Off she went again to Mrs. Q with word that a search warrant would be obtained in the morning unless an interview were granted. Back she came with another refusal, this time on the ground of indisposition. Finally, after the poor maid was worn to a frazzle from shuttling to and fro, a compromise was agreed upon. Mr. Q would call at the office next morning with the jewelry.

He did, and he also had with him the brother of a Governor of the State. Brother got busy with all the political pull and threats he could muster. Mr. Shamhart listened politely, but kept the jewelry. Later that afternoon, Mrs. Q called, dressed in all the finery of the proverbial plump horse, to get it back. She had no luck.

Pleaded Poverty. The case was not actually settled until five months later, in the United States attorney's office. Into it came a poor woman, dressed in dowdy old clothes and run-down shoes. Gone was the finery of European dressmaking establishments. Perhaps, however, if she were to get that lavalliere and watch, they might brighten up her appearance. By that time, most of the red tape had been cut, and she found

that the Government had thoughtfully arranged for her to do this. All she had to do was to pay \$3,000 for the assessed value of the jewelry, and \$3,000 more as a penalty for smuggling.

The apparent charwoman gave a shriek that could have been heard in Budapest. She protested poverty. Where, she demanded, could she ever get \$6,000?

"You can go right over to that bank across the street," Mr. Shamhart suggested, "and borrow it, on the \$100,000 worth of business property you own on Blank street." He got the \$6,000!

European Agents. The real reason Mrs. Q was caught was, of course, the report from Budapest. Similar reports come in constantly from foreign countries, from agents, jewelry establishments, and sometimes from informers, who are paid 25 per cent of the amount involved. Mr. Shamhart explained that, while the use of informers may be criticized by the unthinking, it is justified by the results, and by the fact that the purchases have occurred outside the country, where no written records may be subpoenaed for proof. He even knew a case where the victim informed on herself.

Agents in Europe reported this woman had bought some \$15,000 worth of jewelry, which was described in considerable detail. Yet here she was, back in the United States and not a word said about it. Mr. Shamhart rectified the omission, he said plenty. The case was foolproof, and she had no choice but to disgorge. During this painful process, she bragged of a watch that had been overlooked. She had

bought it in Lucerne, taking the precaution of sending into the store a stooge to make the actual purchase.

"Thank you," said Mr. Shamhart, when he had recovered from his surprise. "That will be so much extra. The money, please."

Thinking Twice. Mr. Shamhart, while disclaiming any desire for personal publicity, says he favors the widespread dissemination of all news about big smuggling cases.

"It makes our work easier," he said. "When an important personage such as a movie star or the wife of a judge gets caught smuggling, and it is seen that prominence does not save him or her from the consequences, it makes Richard Roe and Jane Doe think twice before attempting it. Customs declarations take a big jump after some big shot has been prosecuted and fined for attempting to evade the customs."

"How do people usually try it?" Mr. Shamhart was asked. "Usually, they take a quick look at the photos of suitcases with false bottoms, 'is one thing they use. They are effective in concealing small, valuable articles such as jewelry and Swiss watch movements, but only under one condition—that we have no suspicion. Usually, we do have, and when we get a tip that so-and-so is known to be in possession of this class of goods, no hiding place he can devise will be good enough. Once, we recovered 800 Swiss watch movements from a spare tire on an automobile; another time, 1,200 in a false running board."

Empty Casket. "One rather spectacular case we handled concerned two grief-stricken women returning from Canada with a corpse. They made no actual error on the trip, but we had information leading us to suspect them. When we opened the coffin, the body was conspicuous by its absence, its place being occupied by highly flammable and expensive lace. We wished the funeral ceremonies at the nearest custom house, and I can truthfully state that the grief of the mourners was quite genuine."

High up in the list of small, valuable objects—the easiest to smuggle—come packets of drugs. The customs and narcotic services work in close harmony, and the effectiveness of the combination may be judged by the fact that during the last fiscal year 28,660 ounces of narcotic drugs have been seized, with an assessed valuation of \$1,873,130. Mr. Shamhart insists that the customs service is the Nation's first line of defense against the narcotic evil.

Sometimes, even when no fraud is intended and no attempt is made to smuggle, strange mistakes occur. In one such instance, a Southern woman arrived from Europe and was met at the pier by a welcoming committee of friends. She could hardly wait to show them the wonderful antique chandelier she had bought in Vienna for \$1,400. Fortunately, she did not have to wait for it to be sent home. It had to be unpacked right there for customs examination—a mere formality, because it had been declared and there

was no duty to pay, it being over a hundred years old.

Bad News. When it was opened, there was a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" from admiring friends. The inspector had quite a job to detach her from the group and give her the bad news. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, "but I'll have to charge you for that—it's only two or three years old. However, it won't hurt you much; I assess its valuation at \$65."

Frankly, the inspector was pleased that a quick application of the law had been made at fourteen hundred! She begged, "I'll gladly pay on that valuation. I'd never hear the end of it if the girls found it was worth only a trifle. Please!"

The best the agent could do, however, was to take the duty on \$65, and it is hoped that he was salient enough to do this at a time when the committee was not looking.

Another odd case occurred some years ago at a Florida port. On the arrival of a ship from Nassau, two dark, mysterious-looking men cleared their baggage of their arms, pistols, and started to leave the pier. Mr. Shamhart, noticing a bulge in the chest of one of them, detained the pair. The bulge proved to be a brief case; it contained diamonds and other stones, cut and uncut, worth by a quick appraisal no less than \$110,000. Here was a case that would satisfy even the most ardent writer of lurid fiction.

Sound Advice. But, alas, it turned out to be a dud. The culprits, genuine jewelry salesmen, entitled to possession of the gems, who had gone to Nassau on business. Before they left, they had tried to leave this property in the custom house safe itself, but had been refused by the customs. After that, they had tried to rout out, at his home, the cashier of a bank to open his vault and store the jewels while they were away. When their ship was ready to leave, rather than call off the trip that goes too often to the well, Mr. Shamhart, at his appeal, no less, and to avoid explanations, had tried to sneak them back. These facts were established beyond doubt, and all they got was a reprimand.

In conclusion, those tempted to smuggle are advised against it, and the advice is sound in itself, quite apart from any moral considerations. The generosity of the Government in allowing him a hundred dollars exemption makes it tough for him to find anything to smuggle that he couldn't declare at the same total cost—no dollars and no cents.

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Temple Heights is located in a historic neighborhood for just to the west once stood Kalorama mansion, reminiscent of Jefferson. Barlow, Fulton and others, and to the north of Oak Lawn, a tract of land once owned by Dr. William Thornton, early Architect of the Capitol. In Mrs. Thornton's diary, which she kept during the first years of the Capital, she frequently refers to this farm, where her husband sent his horses to graze and where general farming was done.

About 1828, this farm, containing about 56 acres, was sold by Anna Maria Thornton to Matthew and Christian Hines for \$5,650. A down payment of \$1,500 being made. Upon this land they erected a modest frame dwelling, about 25 feet square and a story and a half high. As the wood-boring insects and ants, it was well whitewashed, a practice at that time quite general. Later, in 1836, the Hines brothers defaulted, their failure to keep up their payments on the property being due to losses in canal stock.

Destroyed By Fire. In 1878, this building was occupied by David M. Logan, a watchman in the Treasury, his wife and their large family of children, consisting in part of William, John P. Charles, Jerry, Emma, Harry and Eugene. This old dwelling was destroyed by fire sometime about the late 80s. It stood where is now the Belmont, a large apartment house at the southeast corner of Belmont and Columbia roads.

Subsequent to 1836, when this property was given up by the Hineses, it was sold to John Little, a butcher with a stand in the Center Market, during the Civil War period. His slaughter house stood between the old Rock Creek and a block or two north of Florida avenue. Like a burial vault, it was built in the hillside.

Slash Run, an early stream, flowed from Sixteenth street to about this point after entering through a deep ravine that was filled up when Kalorama, the beautiful, interesting estate, was destroyed. It then turned almost abruptly south, passing on the left the Links' slaughter house and on the right the greenhouses of Edward McQueeney. Entering the city, its course was irregular. Many an older street will recall that portion of Little's wood-boring insects and ants, it was well whitewashed, a practice at that time quite general. Later, in 1836, the Hines brothers defaulted, their failure to keep up their payments on the property being due to losses in canal stock.

Old Thoroughfare. John Little was a prosperous merchant, and about 1860 gave up his old home on the east side of Columbia road and built a large three-story dwelling on the opposite side of this thoroughfare. This building, which was in recent years, occupied by the Lady Margaret School, was removed a year or two ago. Its street number at that time was 1869 Columbia road.

Columbia road, bounding the Temple Heights property on the west, is one of the oldest roads in Washington. It actually antedates the founding of the city. It was a branch of the old Georgetown or Bladensburg road and was being traveled when Washington was in fact a city of magnificent distances. At an early date it became known as Taylors Lane road. In 1862 it was called Rock Creek road, while the 1878 plat book gives it as Georgetown road.

Boschke, in his map begun in 1856 and completed in 1859, showed this road as starting from the east bank of Rock Creek at P street, continuing around Boundary street (now Florida Avenue), and actually antedates the founding of the city. It was a branch of the old Georgetown or Bladensburg road and was being traveled when Washington was in fact a city of magnificent distances. At an early date it became known as Taylors Lane road. In 1862 it was called Rock Creek road, while the 1878 plat book gives it as Georgetown road.

to until 13 years after the designation. Widow's Mite, had been recorded.

Temple Heights is located in a historic neighborhood for just to the west once stood Kalorama mansion, reminiscent of Jefferson. Barlow, Fulton and others, and to the north of Oak Lawn, a tract of land once owned by Dr. William Thornton, early Architect of the Capitol. In Mrs. Thornton's diary, which she kept during the first years of the Capital, she frequently refers to this farm, where her husband sent his horses to graze and where general farming was done.

About 1828, this farm, containing about 56 acres, was sold by Anna Maria Thornton to Matthew and Christian Hines for \$5,650. A down payment of \$1,500 being made. Upon this land they erected a modest frame dwelling, about 25 feet square and a story and a half high. As the wood-boring insects and ants, it was well whitewashed, a practice at that time quite general. Later, in 1836, the Hines brothers defaulted, their failure to keep up their payments on the property being due to losses in canal stock.

Destroyed By Fire. In 1878, this building was occupied by David M. Logan, a watchman in the Treasury, his wife and their large family of children, consisting in part of William, John P. Charles, Jerry, Emma, Harry and Eugene. This old dwelling was destroyed by fire sometime about the late 80s. It stood where is now the Belmont, a large apartment house at the southeast corner of Belmont and Columbia roads.

Subsequent to 1836, when this property was given up by the Hineses, it was sold to John Little, a butcher with a stand in the